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## STORY OF THE DALRYMPLES.

THE Dalrymples are an old family in Ayrshire, where they attained local distinction as land-proprietors in the fifteenth century. The first of them, however, of any public note was James Dalrymple of Stair, who was a Covenanting captain in the reign of Charles I., and at the termination of his military career, was appointed Professor of Logic in the University of Glasgow. The rule at the time was, that if any professor who was a bachelor married, he had to vacate his chair, but was eligible for re-election. Professor Dalrymple submitted to this arrangement. He married, and was reappointed. The lady whom he chose as his wife was Margaret, eldest daughter and heiress of James Ross of Balneil in Wigtownshire, who brought him an estate of five hundred pounds sterling of yearly rent—a pretty large sum in these days—besides the old mansion of Carscreugh near Glenluce. This might be called the first step in the family towards high rank. Margaret Ross, who was the prototype of Sir Walter Scott's Lady Ashton, in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, was a politic and high-minded woman, and possessed the ability, as well as the will, to push her family upwards in the social scale.

Possibly at the suggestion of his ambitious wife, but doubtless influenced by his own tastes, Dalrymple resigned his professorship, came to Edinburgh, and entered at the Scottish Bar. It was a hazardous step. The times were out of joint. Dalrymple, however, had a certain suppleness of character which enabled him to weather the storm. At the request of General Monk, Cromwell raised him to be a judge in the Court of Session, and taking his seat on the bench, he assumed the senatorial title of Lord Stair. His creation by Charles II. as a Baronet of Nova Scotia was another step in advance. He was like to have been worsted by being obliged to take the Declaration against Presbytery. But this he got the better of by a dexterous manœuvre. He took the Declaration, giving at the same time explanations in writing to save his conscientious scruples. The explana-

tions were returned to him as not admissible; but he submitted to the rebuff, and kept his seat as a judge—an incident singularly characteristic of the shuffling policy at the period.

The interest attaching to Sir James Dalrymple, Lord Stair, is much deepened by the domestic tragedy of which the great novelist has made such good use. The true history of this romantic affair is fairly stated in the work of Mr Murray Graham, recently issued from the press, and was briefly as follows: Sir James and his wife, Dame Margaret Dalrymple, had a large family of sons and daughters. Janet, the eldest daughter, had, against the will of her parents, pledged her troth to a poor nobleman, Lord Rutherford. Her mother endeavoured to break off the engagement, and to bring about a marriage with Sir David Dunbar, son and heir of Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon, and who stood in the relationship of nephew to Rutherford. 'Dame Margaret Dalrymple is said to have worked upon her unfortunate child, by insisting on the Levitical law, which declares that a maiden shall be free of a vow which she has vowed, "if her father disallow it in the day that he heareth thereof." She at last prevailed over Janet Dalrymple's gentler disposition and weaker will, who agreed to marry Dunbar. The marriage took place at the Kirk of Glenluce, about two miles from her parents' house at Carscreugh, on the 12th of August (1669), the bride riding to church behind one of her younger brothers, who long afterwards spoke of the chilly coldness of her hand as it touched his own when holding by his waist. The bridal party remained nearly a fortnight at Carscreugh, whence the bride was taken on the 24th of August to her husband's house of Baldoon, near the town of Wigtown. A gallantly attired troop of friends accompanied the married pair, and a dramatic entertainment or masque was prepared for them at Baldoon. But, alas! the bride's health suddenly declined and gave way, and she died at Baldoon, probably of a broken heart, on 12th of September following. The circumstances connected with the death differ materially, it will be seen, from those pictured by

the novelist. The tradition of the event, however, impressed the imagination of Scott, the result being the tale of *The Bride of Lammermoor*. Dunbar afterwards married a daughter of the seventh Earl of Eglintoun, and died in 1682, by a fall from his horse. As for his rival, Rutherford, he obtained a commission in the Household Guards, and died in 1685.

After being ten years a judge, Lord Stair was promoted to be President of the Court of Session, and appointed a member of the Scottish Privy Council. His ability was not alone demonstrated on the bench. He composed the *Institutions of the Law of Scotland*, a work which, with modern annotations, is much prized by the legal profession. The year 1681, in which this great work appeared, was noted for 'the Test,' a religious formula, that Sir James felt himself unable to subscribe. Before he could tender his resignation, he was omitted from a new list of judges, and thereupon retired into private life. Harassed by fears of persecution for being too tenderly inclined to the Covenanters, he quietly removed himself to Leyden, where he found congenial society in Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, the Earl of Loudon, and other distinguished refugees. Meanwhile his eldest son, Sir John Dalrymple (who had been knighted in early life), had risen at the bar, and by a strange turn of affairs was, in 1787, appointed Lord Advocate, when Sir George Mackenzie was driven from office for declining to sanction the extreme views of James II. The father and son may now be said to have been on different sides; the son, however, taking anything good that cast up, and holding himself ready for any political change that circumstances required—not a bad prototype of Sir Walter Scott's Lord Turntippet. The circumstances soon came. King James fled; William of Orange landed in England, bringing Sir James Dalrymple in his train, and under the Revolution settlement Sir John, his son, declared himself favourable to the new order of things. Nor did he disdain to occupy the onerous position of Secretary of State for Scotland, a position rendering him responsible adviser to the crown in all Scottish affairs. In 1690, his father being raised to the peerage as Viscount Stair, Sir John was now usually designated Master of Stair. On this Sir John Dalrymple, Master of Stair, and Secretary of State for Scotland, we propose to concentrate attention. Macaulay speaks of him as 'able, eloquent, and accomplished;' he might be all that, but inasmuch as he was the prime instigator of an act of barbaric cruelty, the Massacre of Glencoe, his name has been rendered historically infamous.

At the Revolution, certain Highland clans stood out in a hesitating way for King James, and gave some uneasiness to government. The Earl of Breadalbane was employed to bring about a pacification by means of bribes in money and otherwise; the negotiation being enforced by a royal proclamation in August 1791, intimating a free pardon to all who had been in arms against King

William, provided they should come in any time before the 1st of January next, and swear and sign the oath of allegiance. Those who did not accept these terms were to be treated as enemies and traitors—that is to say, they and all belonging to them would be subject to extirpation by military violence. In the present day, we can hardly understand such a threat, because all offenders against the law are liable to a fair trial, and put on their defence. At that period, however, in Scotland, the letting loose of military on a neighbourhood, in virtue of 'letters of fire and sword,' was still in certain circumstances resorted to, as a short method of doing wholesale execution. Dalrymple fiendishly wished for an opportunity of cutting off a few clans by this brief means of slaughter, as an example and warning to all who entertained hostile feelings to the new government. His letters from the court at London during the remainder of the year, shew that he grudged the merciful terms offered to the Highland Jacobites, and would have been happy to find that a refusal of them justified harsher measures. He really hoped that the Macdonalds of Glencoe, a small clan under a chieftain bearing the subordinate surname of M'Ian, would hold out beyond the proper day. He thought it better that the time of grace expired in the depth of winter, for, as he said in a letter to Colonel Hamilton, 'that is the proper season to maul them, in the cold long nights.' As the chiefs of several clans took the oath of allegiance before the sheriffs of their respective counties within the required time, it seemed probable that the only recusant to be dealt with would be the unfortunate M'Ian. In a dilatory manner the aged chief hung back till it was too late to take the oath according to the prescribed terms. But his failure amounted only to a technical mistake. In reality he had sped to Inverlochry or Fort William before the end of the year, and tendered his oath to the governor there, when, to his dismay, he found he had come to the wrong officer. It was necessary he should go to Inveraray, many miles distant, and there give in his submission to the sheriff of Argyshire. In great anxiety, the old man toiled his way through the wintry wild to Inveraray. He had to pass within a mile of his own house, yet stopped not to enter it. After all his exertions, the sheriff being absent for two days after his arrival, it was not till the 6th of January that his oath was taken and registered. The register duly went thereafter to the Privy Council at Edinburgh, but the name of Macdonald of Glencoe was not found in it. It was afterwards discovered to have been by special means obliterated, though still traceable.

Sir John Dalrymple was delighted to find that poor M'Ian was in his power. In a letter, dated 11th January, addressed to Sir Thomas Livingstone, commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, he says: 'Just now, my Lord Argyle tells me that Glencoe hath not taken the oaths; at which I rejoice—it's a great work of charity to be exact in rooting out that — sect, the worst in

all the Highlands; it is very good news here.' Elsewhere he says he obtained that very day a letter from the king concerning the Highland rebels, commanding the troops to cut them off, 'by all manner of hostility,' and for this end to proclaim heavy penalties to all who should give them assistance or protection. Particular instructions, subscribed by the king, followed on the 16th, permitting terms to be offered to Glengarry, whose house was strong enough to give trouble, but adding: 'If M'Ian of Glencoe and that tribe can well be separated from the rest, it will be a proper vindication of the public justice to extirpate that sect of thieves.' On the same day, Dalrymple himself wrote to Colonel Hill, governor of Inverloch: 'I shall entreat you that, for a just vengeance and public example, the thieving tribe of Glencoe be rooted out to purpose. The Earls of Argyle and Breadalbane have promised they shall have no retreat in their bounds.' He felt, however, that it must be 'quietly done;' otherwise they would make shift both for their cattle and themselves. There can be no doubt what he meant. If the clan were attacked in open warfare, they might disperse with their cattle, and less or more escape; whereas, if approached quietly and deceitfully, they would be 'rooted out and cut off.'

Here, then, the tribe were to be summarily slaughtered, much in the way in which the inhabitants of back-settlements in America used to be stealthily approached and ferociously killed by bands of Indians. Everything being thus secretly prepared, the commander, Livingstone, wrote to Colonel Hamilton of Inverloch garrison to proceed with his work against the Glencoe men. 'A detachment of the Earl of Argyle's regiment—Campbells, hereditary enemies of the Macdonalds of Glencoe—under the command of Campbell of Glenlyon, proceeded to the valley, affecting nothing but friendly intentions, and were hospitably received. Glenlyon himself, as uncle to the wife of one of the chief's sons, was hailed as a friend. Each morning, he called at the humble dwelling of the chief, and took his morning-draught of usquebaugh. On the evening of the 12th of February, he played at cards with the chief's family. The final orders for the onslaught, written on the 12th at Ballachulish by Major Robert Duncanson (a relation of the Campbells), were now in Glenlyon's hands. They bore: "You are to put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have a special care that the old fox and his son do on no account escape your hands. You're to secure all avenues, that none escape; this you are to put in execution at five o'clock precisely, and by that time, or very shortly after it, I'll strive to be at you with a stronger party. If I do not come to you at five, you are not to tarry for me, but to fall on."

'Glenlyon was but too faithful to his instructions. His soldiers had their orders the night before. John Macdonald, the chief's eldest son, observing an unusual bustle among the soldiers, took an alarm, and inquired what was meant. Glenlyon soothed his fears with a story about a movement against Glengarry, and the lad went to bed. Meanwhile, efforts were making to plant guards at all the outlets of that alpine glen; but the deep snow on the ground prevented the duty from being fully accomplished. At five, Lieutenant Lindsay came with his men to the house of the

chief, who, hearing of his arrival, got out of bed to receive him. He was shot dead as he was dressing himself. Two of his people in the house shared his fate, and his wife, shamefully treated by the soldiers, died next day. At another hamlet called Auchnaion, the tacksman and his family received a volley of shot as they were sitting by their fireside, and all but one were laid dead or dying on the floor. The survivor entreated to be killed in the open air, and there succeeded in making his escape. There were similar scenes at all the other inhabited places in the glen, and before daylight, thirty-eight persons had been murdered. The rest of the people, including the chief's eldest son, fled to the mountains, where many of them are believed to have perished. When Colonel Hamilton came at breakfast-time, he found one old man alive, mourning over the bodies of the dead; and this person, though he might have been even formally exempted as above seventy, was slain on the spot. The only remaining duty of the soldiers was to burn the houses and harry the country. This was relentlessly done, two hundred horses, nine hundred cattle, and many sheep and goats being driven away.

'A letter of Dalrymple, dated from London the 5th March, makes us aware that the Massacre of Glencoe was already making a sensation there. It was said that the people had been murdered in their beds, after the chief had made the required submission. The secretary professed to have known nothing of the last fact, but he was far from regretting the bloodshed. "All I regret is that any of the sect got away." When the particulars became fully known—when it was ascertained that the Campbells had gone into the glen as friends, and fallen upon the people when they were in a defenceless state, and when all suspicion was lulled asleep—the transaction assumed the character which it has ever since borne in the public estimation, as one of the foulest in modern history.'

Such, in brief, are the particulars of this shameful affair, for which the Master of Stair must chiefly be held responsible. The massacre, no doubt, proceeded in virtue of the king's instructions, but the Secretary Stair was the king's adviser, and, as we have seen, he entertained a rancorous hatred of the Glencoe men. Nothing can shelter him from infamy; yet the annalist of the family attempts to gloss over his conduct by inferring that he was unconscious of the unjustifiable severity and atrocity of the act.\* Unconscious of the cruelty of ordering a multitude of human beings to be deceitfully thrown off their guard and butchered like wild beasts! The fact is, Sir John Dalrymple became ashamed, and somewhat alarmed for what he had done. In our own times an act like that of the Massacre of Glencoe would be known all over the world in four-and-twenty hours. On its occurrence, so slowly did news travel, that the affair was only beginning to be talked of in Edinburgh and London some months afterwards, and did not become matter of public clamour until 1695. A royal commission was that year appointed to inquire into the facts of the case, the result being that Secretary Stair was blamed for having

\* *Annals and Correspondence of the Viscount, and the First and Second Earls of Stair.* By John Murray Graham. 2 vols. 8vo. Blackwood and Sons. 1875.

exceeded his instructions. He resigned office, and the king granted remission for his excess of zeal. As a further act of royal condescension, when Dalrymple became second viscount by the decease of his father in 1695, he was created Earl of Stair—a curious instance of a great wrong being rewarded by an accession of honours.

The first Earl of Stair did not long enjoy his new honours. Aware of the odium he had incurred by the Glencoe massacre, and worn down by political manœuvring and debates in favour of the Union, he died suddenly on the 8th January 1707. So here was an end of one of the cleverest, and, we may say, the cunningest and least scrupulous men of his day. There was a moral in his fate. His greatness as a statesman was tarnished by an act of profound villainy, which no apology can extenuate. Of what worth are the highest earthly honours when associated with the reputation of despicable baseness?

Sir John Dalrymple made what is called a good marriage. Early in life, he was married to Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir John Dundas of Newliston, and had several sons, the eldest of whom, when a boy, was accidentally killed by his next youngest brother, then a child of eight years of age. Two loaded pistols happened to be lying in the entrance-hall at Carsecreugh. The boy took up one of the pistols, and unwittingly shot his brother dead. This youthful homicide lived to be his father's successor, as second Earl of Stair. Attaching himself to military pursuits, he became a distinguished officer in the army under Marlborough. He rose to the rank of field-marshal, and afterwards figured as ambassador-extraordinary to the court of Louis XIV. Latterly, he retired to his estate of Newliston, where he is reputed to have been the first in Scotland to plant cabbages and turnips in the open fields—a circumstance more honourable to his memory than all his other public services. He was likewise a great planter of trees and land-improver at his estate of Newliston, and at Castle Kennedy. There is a current tradition that the woods at Newliston were laid out by him in divisions, to resemble the relative positions of the English and French armies at the battle of Dettingen. Mr Murray Graham gives another, but not very dissimilar account of this arboricultural effort. 'The grounds,' he says, 'immediately about the house of Newliston, were laid out by Lord Stair in straight lines, with sunk fences and bastions, in the form of an encampment or fortified position; while the more distant grounds and woods were planted out also in straight lines, in the French taste of the time, with intersecting and corresponding avenues.' Newliston was latterly disposed of to another proprietor. His lordship's taste in ornamentation by trees and otherwise, was carried to still greater length at Castle Kennedy, near the shore of Loch Ryan.

Mr Graham presents numerous particulars concerning the military and diplomatic career of the second Earl of Stair; but for these we must refer to the book itself, which is a painstaking memorial of the early and more conspicuous members of the Dalrymple family. In his latter days, during his retirement from official duties, besides amusing himself as a land improver, the second earl spent much of his time in Edinburgh. Here he fell in love with a lady of local note, widow of the profligate

James Viscount Primrose, whose decease, in 1706, was a relief to her ladyship. She was still a beautiful woman, and might have procured a choice of husbands among the *élite* of the period. She, however, from her unfortunate experiences, made a resolution never again to be a wife. By an exceedingly unworthy trick, related in the *Traditions of Edinburgh*, Lady Primrose was induced to alter her resolution, and become Countess of Stair—her residence at the time imparting the name of Lady Stair's Close to one of the dingy alleys of the Old Town. Her ladyship was more happy with her second husband than with her first. Her only source of vexation was Lord Stair's proneness to excessive drinking. In one of his drunken fits he so far exceeded the bounds of reason and gentlemanly conduct as to give her so severe a blow upon the upper part of the face, as to occasion the effusion of blood. He immediately afterwards fell asleep, unconscious of what he had done. Overwhelmed by a tumult of bitter feeling, Lady Stair made no attempt to bind up her wound; but remained near her torpid husband, and wept and bled till morning. When his lordship awoke, and learned that the cause of his wife's dishevelled and bloody figure was his own conduct, he was so stung by remorse as never afterwards to take any species of drink except what was sanctioned by her ladyship. In this incident we see the type of those scenes of brutal violence which now prevail alone among the most ignorant of the community. Lord Stair died in 1747, and his venerable lady, after being long at the head of Edinburgh society, died in November 1759. Since the decease of the second earl, the title and estates have passed from one branch of the Dalrymple family to another, but concerning whom there is little general interest.

For a long time there was a superstitious belief in Scotland that the wickedness of the Glencoe massacre was visited by retribution on the descendants of its principal actors. As regards the Dalrymples, they in time ceased to be reproached with the unhappy family stain, though until this day it can hardly fail to be to them a matter of regret. The Campbells of Glenlyon appear to have felt more acutely that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. In their case the Nemesis which follows wrongdoing of all sorts has been the subject of painful remark.

Colonel Stewart, in his account of the Highland regiments, mentions that Colonel Campbell of Glenlyon, who was grandson of the Glenlyon who commanded the military at the Massacre of Glencoe, felt as if under a blight from the conduct of his ancestor. Stewart relates the following anecdote of him. In 1771 he was, as an officer in a regiment, commanded to superintend the execution of the sentence of a court-martial on a soldier condemned to be shot. A reprieve was sent, but the ceremony of the execution was to proceed until the criminal was on his knees with a cap over his head. No person was to be told previously, not even the firing-party, who were warned that the signal to fire would be the drawing of a white handkerchief out of the officer's pocket. Campbell put his hand into his pocket to draw out the reprieve, but at the same time accidentally drew out the handkerchief. The party fired, and the soldier was shot dead. The paper dropped through Campbell's fingers, and, placing his hand to his

forehead, he exclaimed: 'The curse of God and Glencoe is here; I am an unfortunate, ruined man.' He soon after retired from the service, and the impression on his mind was never effaced. There are other legends regarding the supposed hereditary blight still resting on the Glenlyon family.

W. C.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.—TWO 'SYDNEY DUCKS.'

JACK STRIKER and Bill Davis are two 'Sydney Ducks,' who have seen service in the chain-gangs of Australia. They have also served as sailors, this being their original calling. But since a certain voyage to the Swan River settlement—in which they were but passengers, sent out at the expense of H. B. Majesty's government—they have had aversion to the sea, and only take to it intermittently, when under the necessity of working passage from port to port for other purposes. Escaping from a colonisation forced upon them, and quite uncongenial, they had thus made their way into California; and, after a trip up the Sacramento, and a spell at gold-seeking with but indifferent success, had returned to San Francisco; in the Queen City of the Pacific, finding ways of life they liked better than the hard labour of pick, pan, and cradle. Loafing among its low sailor-haunts, they encountered a pleasant surprise, by meeting a man who offered them five thousand dollars each to ship in a merchant-vessel, for the 'short trip' to Panama! A wage so disproportionate to the service asked for, of course required some explanation; which the princely contractor gave, after having secured their confidence. It proved satisfactory to the Sydney Ducks, who, without further questioning, entered into the contract. The result was their getting conducted aboard the *Condor*—she being the vessel bound for the port of Panama.

He who had given them this handsome engagement was not the owner of the ship; no more was he her captain or supercargo; but a gentleman representing himself authorised to accept their services for a somewhat different purpose than the mere working of her sails, and who promised to pay them in a peculiar manner—under certain contingencies, even more than the sum stipulated, notwithstanding its magnificence. The strange conditions were partially made known to them before setting foot on the ship; and though an honest sailor would have scornfully rejected them—even in the face of such tempting reward—Jack Striker and Bill Davis accepted them without scruple or cavil. For they are not honest sailors, but ex-convicts, criminals still unreformed, and capable of any misdeed—piracy, or murder—if only money can be made thereby.

Since coming aboard the *Condor* and mixing with others of her crew, they have had additional insight into the character of their contract, and the services required of them. They find that several other men have been engaged in a somewhat similar way, and at a like bounteous wage; for a while wondering at it, till, after a mutual comparison of notes, and putting together their respective scraps of intelligence, with surmises added, they arrive at a pretty accurate understanding of how the land lies, and why their entre-

preneur—who is no other than the second-mate, Padilla—has been so liberal.

Striker, who has seen more of the world, and is the elder of the two Sydney Ducks, has been the first to obtain this added information; and it is for the purpose of communicating it to his old chum of the chain-gang, he has asked the latter to step aside with him. And chancing to be cast together in the middle watch, an opportunity offers, which the older convict has all that day been looking out for.

Davis, of more talkative habit, is the first to break silence; which he does on the instant of their coming under the awning.

'Well, old pal! What d'ye think of our present employ? Better than breakin' stone for them Swan River roads, with twenty pound of iron chain clinkin' at a fellow's feet. An't it?'

'Better'n that, yes; but not's good as it might be.'

'Tut, man, you're always grumblin'. Five thousand dollars for a trip that isn't like to run up to a month; not more than a fortnight or three weeks, I should say! If that don't content you, I'd like to know what would.'

'Well, mate; I'll tell 'ee what wud. Thirty thousand for the trip. An' Jack Striker an't like to be saterfied w' anythin' short o' that sum.'

'You're joking, Jack?'

'No, I an't, Bill. As you knows, I'm not o' the jokin' sort; an' now mean what I say, sartin as I ever meant anythin' in my life. Both me an' you oughter get thirty thousand apiece o' this yellow stuff—that at the werry leest.'

'Why, there wouldn't be enough to go round the lot that's in.'

'Yes, thar wud, an' will. Old as I im, I hain't yit quite lost hearin'. My years are as sharp as they iver wor, an' jist as reliable. Larst night I heerd a whisper pass atween Padilla an' another o' them Spanish chaps, that's put me up to some-think.'

'What did you hear?'

'That the swag'll tot up to the total o' three hundred thousand dollars.'

'The deuce it will. Why, they said it wasn't half that much! Padilla himself told me so.'

'No matter what he's told you. I tell ye now, it's all o' the six figures I've sayed. In coorse it's their interest to make it out small as they possibly can, seein' as our share's to be a purcentage. I know better now, an' knowin' it, an't agoin' to stan' none o' their nonsense. Neyther shud you, Bill. We both o' us are 'bout to risk the same as any o' the tothers.'

'That's true enough.'

'In coorse it is. An' bein' so, we oughter share same as them; can, an' will if we stick well the-gither. It's jist as eezzy one way as tother.'

'There's something in what you say, mate.'

'Theer's everythin' in it, an' nothin' more than our rights. As I've sayed, we all risk the same, an' that's gettin' our necks stretched. For if we make a mucker o' the job, it'll be a hangin' matter, sure. For I dar say theer's got to be blood spilt afore it's finished.'

'What would you advise our doing? You know, Jack, I'll stand by you, whatever you go in for.'

'Well, I want it to be a fair divide, all round; detarmined it shall be. Why shud the

four Spanish fellas get a dollar moren us others? As I've observed, two o' them, Gomez an' Hernandez, have set their eyes on the weemen folks. It's eezzy to see that's part o' their game. Beside, I heerd them talkin' o't. Gomez be arter the light girl, an' Hernandez the dark un. Well, they may do as they like, for all I care. But that are all the more reezun why they oughten be so greedy 'bout the shinin' stuff. As for Mister Gomez, it's plain he's the head man o' the lot; an' the second-mate, who engaged us, is only like the others, an' 'pears to be controlled by him. 'Twar tween them two I overheard the confab; Gomez tellin' Padilla that the dust lyin' snug in the cabin lockers was full valley for three hundred thousan'. An' as theer's eleven o' us to share, that 'ud be nigh on thirty thousan' apiece, if my 'rithmetic an't out o' reckonin'. Bill Davis, I say, we oughter stan' up for our rights.'

'Certainly we should. But there 'll be difficulty in getting them, I fear.'

'Not a bit—not a morsel, if we stick out for 'em. The four Spaniards means to go snacks 'mong themselves. But theer be seven o' us outsiders; an' when I tell the others what I've told you, they 'll be all on our side—if they an't the silliest o' fools.'

'They won't be that, I take it; a difference of twenty thousand dollars or so in their favour, will make them sensible enough. But what's to be the upshot, or, as they call it in the theatre play-bills, what's the programme?'

'Well, mate; so far as I've been put up to 't, we're to run on till we get down the coast, somewhere near the Isthmus o' Panyma. Theer we 'll sight land, an' soon's we do, the ship's to be scuttled, we first securin' the swag, an' takin' it ashore in one o' the boats. We're to land on some part o' the coast that's known to Gomez, he says. Then we're to make for some town, when we've got things straight for puttin' in appearance in a explainable way. Otherways, we might get pulled up, an' all our trouble 'ud be for nowt. Worse, every man jack on us would have a good chance to swing for 't.'

'And the young ladies?'

'They're to go along wi' Gomez an' Hernandez. How they mean to manage it, Jack Striker can't tell ya. They 'll be a trouble, no doubt, as always is wi' weemen, an' it be a pity we're hampered wi' 'em; moren that, it's reglar dangerous. They may get the hul kit o' us into a scrape. Hows- ever, we 'll hev to take our chances, since theer's no help for it. The two chaps 'pear to be reglar struck with 'em. Well, let 'em carry off the gurls an' welcome. As I've said, they oughter make 'em less objectin' to a fair divide o' the dust.'

'What's to be done with the others—the old Spaniard and skipper, with the black cook and first-mate?'

'They're to go down wi' the ship. The inten- shun is, to knock all o' 'em on the head soon's we come in sight o' land.'

'Well, Jack; for the first three I don't care a brass farthing. They're foreigners and blacks; therefore, nothing to us. But, as Blew chances to be a countryman of ours, I 'd rather it didn't go so hard with him.'

'Balderdash! Bill Davis! What have you or me to do wi' feelins o' that sort? Countryman, indeed! A fine country, as starves ten millions

o' the like o' us two; an' if we try to take what by nateral right's our own, sends us out o' it wi' handcuffs round our wrists, an' iron jewelry on our ankles! All stuff an' psalm-singin' that 'bout one's own country, an' fella-countrymen. If we let him off, we might meet him somewhere when we an't a-wantin' to. He 'll have to be served same as the tother three. There be no help for 't, if we 'don't want to have the hemp roun' our thrapples.'

'I suppose you're right, Striker; though it does seem a pity too. But what reason have the Spaniards for keepin' the thing back? Why should they wait till we get down near Panama? As the yellow stuff's lyin' ready, sure it might be grabbed at once, an' then we 'd have more time to talk of how it's to be divided? What's the difficulty about our taking it now?'

'Tan't the takin' o't. That 'll be eezzy work; an' when the time comes, we 'll have it all our own way. We could toss the four overboard in the skippin' o' a flea. But then, how's the ship to be navvygated without the skipper an' first-mate?'

'Surely we can do without them?'

'That's jest what we can't. O' all our crew, theer's only them two as hev the knowledge o' charts an' chronometers, an' the like; for him's as is actin' second confesses he don't know nothin' 'bout sich. Tharfor, though we're in a good soun' craft, without the skipper, or Blew, we 'd be most as good as helpless. We're now on the biggest o' all oceans, an' if she stood on the wrong tack, we might never set eyes on land—or only to be cast away on some dangerous shore. Or, what 'ud be bad as eyther, get overhauled by some man-o'-war, an' not able to gie account o' ourselves. Theer's the difficulty, don't 'ee see, Bill? So, the Spaniards hev agreed to let things alone till we've ran down nigh Panyma. Theer Gomez says theer be a long stretch o' uninhabited coast, where we 'll be safe goin' ashore in the night.'

'Well; I suppose that 'll be the best way, after all. If a man has the money, it don't make much difference where he sets foot on shore; an' no doubt we 'll find sport down at Panyma good as anywhere else.'

'Theer ye be right, Bill. When a cove's flush there's pleasin' everywhere. Gold's the only thing as gives it.'

'With the prospect of such big plunder, we can afford to be patient,' says Davis, resignedly.

'I an't agoin' to be patient for the paltry five thousand they promised. No, Bill; neyther must you. We've equal rights wi' the rest, an' we must stick out for 'em.'

'Soon as you say the word, Jack, I'm at your back. So 'll all the others, who're in the same boat with ourselves.'

'They oughter, an' belike will; tho' theer's a weak-witted fool or two as may take talkin' into it. I means to go at 'em at once, soon's I've finished my trick at the wheel, the which 'll soon be on. Ay! theer's the bell now; I must go aft. When I come off, Bill, be you up by the night-heads, an' have that Dutch chap as is in our watch 'long wi' ye; an' also the Dane. They're the likeliest to go in wi' us at once, an' I 'll first broach it to them.'

'All right, old pal! I 'll be there.'

The two plotters step out from under the awn- ing; Striker turning aft to take his 'trick' at the

wheel, the other sauntering off in the direction of the forecabin.

Harry Blew stands aghast—his hair on end, the blood coursing chill through his veins. No wonder, after listening to such a revelation! A plot diabolical—a scheme of atrocity unparalleled—comprising three horrible crimes: robbery, the abduction of women, and the murder of men. Among these, himself!

Now knows he the cause of the crew's insubordination; too clearly comprehends it. Three hundred thousand dollars of gold-dust stowed in the cabin-lockers! News to him; for Captain Lantanas had not made him acquainted with the fact—the treasure having been shipped before his coming aboard; in fact, on that same night when he went after Silvestre. At the very time he was knocking at the ship-agent's office-door, Don Tomas, with some trusty watermen, were engaged in getting it aboard the Chilean ship.

An unfortunate arrangement, after all, and now too certain of ending disastrously, not only for Don Gregorio, but those dear to him, with others less interested, yet linked to his fate. Though the ex-man-of-war's-man is neither doubtful nor incredulous of what he has just heard, it is some time before his mind can grasp all the details. So filled is he with astonishment, it is natural his thoughts should be confused, and himself excited. But soon he reflects calmly; and, revolving everything over, perceives clearly enough what are the crimes to be committed, with the motives for committing them. There can be no ambiguity about the nature of the nefarious conspiracy. It has all been hatched and prearranged on shore; and the scoundrels have come aboard specially for its execution. The four Spaniards—or Californians, as he believes them to be—must have had knowledge of the treasure being shipped, and, in their plan to appropriate it, have engaged the others to assist them. Striker's talk has told this; while revealing also the still more fiendish designs of abduction and murder.

The prospect is appalling; and as he reflects upon it, Harry Blew feels his heart sink within him, strong though that heart be. For a dread fate is impending, over himself, as well as those he has promised to protect.

How is it to be averted? How is he to save them? How save himself?

These questions come crowding together, and repeat themselves over and over, but without suggesting answer. He cannot think of one that is satisfactory; he sees no chance of escape. The crew are all in the plot—every man of them—either as principals or engaged assistants. The conversation of the two convicts has shewn this. The second-mate same as the rest; to which to him, Harry Blew, causes no surprise. He had already made up his mind about Padilla; observing his sympathy with those who had begun to shew insubordination. He had also noticed, that in whatever was up among them, Gil Gomez was the directing spirit; Velarde next in influence; both dominating Padilla, notwithstanding his superior authority as one of the ship's officers; while Hernandez seemed to be controlled by all three. The last, Harry Blew has discovered to be a landsman, with no sea-experience whatever; when found out, excusing himself on the plea that he wished to work his passage to Panama. The position of the

other seven is understood by what Striker said. All are in the scheme of pillage and murder—though not to be equally rewarded.

Bringing them one after another before his mind; recalling his experience of them—which, though short, has given him some knowledge of their character—the *Condor's* first officer cannot think of one likely to take sides with him. They are all men of iniquity; and in defending the innocent he would have to stand alone. For it would amount to almost that, with no other help than Captain Lantanas, Don Gregorio, and the cook; the first, a slight slender man, with just strength enough to handle a telescope; the second, aged, and something of an invalid; the third, for fighting purposes, scarce worth thinking of. His fidelity could be depended upon to the death; but he is also an oldish man, and would count for little in a conflict with such desperadoes as those who design making themselves masters of the ship.

All these points present themselves to the mind of the first-mate, clearly, impressively. A thought of telling Captain Lantanas what he has discovered, and which came naturally, he no longer entertains. The trusting Chilean skipper would scarce give credit to such an atrocious scheme. And if he did, in all likelihood it would result in his taking some rash step, that would but quicken their action, and bring sooner on the fatal catastrophe. No; 'twill never do to make him acquainted with the danger, great as it is. Nor yet should Don Gregorio know of it. The terrible secret must be kept from both, and carefully. Either of them aware of it, and in an hour after, all might be over—the tragedy enacted, and its victims consigned to the sea—himself, Harry Blew, being one of them.

Still crouching under the sail, he trembles, as he conjures up the picture of that fearful fate that seems so certainly before him. In the midst of the open ocean, or close to land, the scene will be all the same. The girls seized; the captain, Don Gregorio, the cook, and himself, shot down, or poniarded; after that, the gold dragged out of the lockers; the vessel scuttled, and sunk; a boat alone left to carry the pirates ashore, with their spoils and captives! Contemplating such a scene—even only in imagination—it is not strange that the *Condor's* first-officer feels a shivering throughout his frame. He feels it in every fibre. And reflection fails to give relief; since it suggests to him no plan for saving himself. On the contrary, the more he dwells on it, the more he sees the danger—sees it in all its stark naked reality. Against such odds a conflict would be hopeless. It could only end in death to all who have been singled out, himself perhaps the first.

For a time he stands in silent cogitation, with despair almost paralysing his heart. He is unable to think steadily or clearly. Doubtful, unfeasible schemes shape themselves in his mind, or idle thoughts flit across his brain—all the while wild emotions coursing through his soul.

At length, and after prolonged reflection, he makes a resolve. As his face is in shadow, his expression cannot be seen; but, judging by the words that are muttered by his lips, it is one that should be unworthy of a British sailor—in short, that of a traitor. For his soliloquy seems to shew that he has yielded to craven fear—intends surrendering up the sacred trust reposed in him, and along with it his honour!

The words are :

'There's no chance for that, nor yet for the savin' of my own life—except by castin' my lot in along wi' them. I'll do it—I'll do it!'

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.—PLOT UPON PLOT.

The *Condor* is sailing with a light breeze some points abaft the beam. Jack Striker is at the helm; and as the sea is smooth, he finds it easy steering, having little to do but keep her steady by taking an occasional squint at the compass-card. The moon—which has just risen—shining in his face, shews it to be that of a man over fifty, with the felon in its every line and lineament. It is beardless, pock-pitted, with thick shapeless lips, broad hanging jowls, nostrils agape, and nose flattened like the snout of a bull-dog. Eyes green, both bleary, one of them blood-shot. For all, eyes that, by his own boast, can 'see into a millstone as far as the man who picks it.' He has not been many minutes at his post, when he sees some one approaching from the waist of the ship; a man, whom he makes out to be the first-mate.

'Comin' to con me,' growls the ex-convict. 'Don't want any o' his connin', not I. Jack Striker can keep a ship on her course well's him, or any other 'board o' this craft.'

He is on the starboard side of the wheel, while the mate approaches along the port gangway; who, after springing up to the poop-deck, stops opposite the steersman.

'Well, Striker,' he says; 'not much trouble with her to-night. She's goin' free too, with the wind in the right quarter. We ought to be makin' good nine knots?'

'All o' that, I darsay, sir,' rejoins Striker, mollified by the affable manner in which the first-officer has addressed him. 'The barque an't a bad un to go, though she be a queery-rigged craft as ever I war aboard on.'

'You've set foot on a goodish many, I should say, judgin' from the way ye handle a helm. I see you understand steerin' a ship.'

'I oughter, master,' answers the helmsman, further flattered by the compliment to his professional skill. 'Jack Striker's had a fair show o' schoolin' to that bizness.'

'Been a man-o'-war's man, han't you?'

'Ay, all o' that. Any as doubts it can see the warrant on my back, an' welcome to do so. Plenty o' the cat's claws theer, an' I don't care who knows it.'

'Neyther need ye. Many a good sailor can shew the same. For myself, I han't had the cat, but I've seed man-o'-war service, an' got rough treatment too. An' I've seed sarvice on ships man-o'-war's men have chased—likin' that sort a little better; I do.'

'Indeed!' exclaims the ex-convict, turning his eyes with increased interest on the man thus frankly confessing himself. 'Smuggler? or maybe slaver?'

'Little bit o' both. An' as you say 'bout the cat, I don't care a toss-up who knows o't. It's been a hardish world wi' me; plenty o' ups an' downs; the downs o'ener than the ups. Just now things are lookin' sort o' uppish. I've got my berth here 'count o' the scarcity o' hands in San Francisco, an' the luck o' knowin' how to take

sights, an' keep a log. Still, the pay an't much, considerin' the chances left behind. I darsay I'd 'a done a deal better by stayin' in Californy, an' goin' on to them gold-diggin's up in the mountains.'

'You han't been theer, han't ye?'

'No. Never went a cable's length ayont the town o' San Francisco.'

'Maybe, jest as well ye didn't, Master Blew. Me an' Bill Davis tried that dodge; we went all the way to the washin's on Feather River; but foun' no gold, only plenty o' hard work, wi' precious little to eat, an' less in the way o' drink. Neyther o' us likin' the life, we put back for the port.'

For all his frankness in confessing to the cat-o'-nine-tails on board a war-ship, Striker says nothing about a rope of a different kind he and his chum Davis were very near getting around their necks on the banks of that same Feather River, and from which they escaped by a timely retreat upon San Francisco.

'Well,' rejoins Blew, in a tone of resignation; 'maybe I've did the wisest thing after all, in not goin' that way. I might 'a come back empy-handed, same as yourself an' Davis. Ye say liquor was scarce up there. That would never 'a done for me. I must have my reglar allowance, or—— Well, no use sayin' what. As an old man-o'-war's man, you can understand me, Striker. An' as the same, I suppose you won't object to takin' a tot now?'

'Two, for that matter,' promptly responds Striker, like all his kind, drouthy.

'Well; here's a drop o' rum—the best Santa Cruz. Help yourself!'

Harry Blew presents a black-jack bottle to the helmsman, who, detaching one hand from the wheel, takes hold of the bottle, and carries it to his lips. After keeping it there for a prolonged spell, he returns it to its owner, who, for the sake of sociability, takes a drink himself. This done, the dialogue is renewed, and progresses in even a more friendly way than before, the Santa Cruz having opened the heart of the 'Sydney Duck' to a degree of familiarity; while, on his side, the mate, throwing aside all reserve, lets himself down to a level with the foremastman. It ends in their establishing a confidence, mutual and complete, of that character known as 'thickness between thieves.' Blew first strikes the chord that puts their spirits *en rapport*, by saying:

'Ye tell me, Striker, that ye've had hard times, an' some severe punishment. So's had Harry Blew. An' ye say ye don't care about that. No more says he. In that we're both o' us in the same boat. An' now we're in the same ship—you a sailor afore the mast, I first-officer. But for all the difference in our rank, we can work thegether. An' there's a way we can both o' us do better. Do you want me to tell it ye?'

'Ay, ay; tell it. Jack Striker's ears are allus open to hear how he can better his sittivation in life. He's a listener.'

'All right. I've observed you're a good hand at the helm. Would ye be as good to go in for a job that'll put a pile o' money in your pocket?'

'That depends. Not on what sort o' a job. I don't mean that. But what money—how much?'

'Puttin' it in gold, as much as you can carry; ay, enough to make you stagger under it.'

'An' you ask if I'm good for a job like that?'

Werry funny questyin thet be; 'specially puttin' it to ole Jack Striker. He's good for't, wi' the gallows starin' him full in the face. Darned if he an't!

'Well; I thought you wouldn't be the one to be basket-faced 'bout it. It's a big thing I have on hand, an' there'll be a fortune for all who go in wi' me.'

'Shew Jack Striker the chance o' goin' in, an' he'll shew you a man as knows no backin' out.'

'Enough, shipmate. The chance is close to hand; aboard o' this ship. Below, in her cabin lockers, there's stowed somethin' like half a ton o' glitterin' gold-dust. It belongs to the old Spaniard that's passenger. An' what's to hinder us to lay hands on it? If we can only get enough o' the crew to say yes, there needs be no difficulty. Them as won't 'll have to stan' aside. Though, from what I see o' them, it's like they'll all cut in. Divided square round, there'll be between twenty an' thirty thousand dollars apiece. Does that tempt ye, Striker?'

'Rayther. Wi' thirty thousand dollars I'd ne'er do another stroke o' work.'

'You needn't, then. You can have all o' that, by joinin' in, an' helpin' me to bring round the rest. Do you know any o' them you could sound—with safety, I mean?'

'Two or three. One sartin; my ole chum, Bill Davis. He can be trusted wi' a secret o' throat-cuttin', let alone a trifle such as you speak o'. An' now, Master Blew, since you've seed fit to confide in me, I'm agoin' to gie ye a bit o' my confidence. It's but fair atween two men as hev got to understand one the tother. I may's well tell ye, that I knew all about the stuff in the cabin lockers. Me an' Davis war talkin' o't jist afore I come to the wheel. You an't the only one as hez set their heart on hevin' it. Them Spanish chaps hez got it all arranged arready—an' had afore they put fut 'board this heer barque. Thar's the four on 'em, as I take it, all standin' in equal; whiles the rest o' the crew war only to get so much o' a fixed sum.'

'Striker, ye 'stonish me!'

'Well, I'm only tellin' ye what be true. I'm glad you're agreeable to go in wi' us; the which 'll save trouble, an' yer own life as well. For I may tell ye, master, that they'd made up thar minds to send ye to the bottom, 'long wi' the skipper an' the ole Spaniard.'

'That's a nice bit of news to hear, by Jove! Well, mate, I'm thankful to ye for communicatin' it. Lor! it's lucky for me we've this night chanced to get talkin' thegether.'

'Thar maybe luck in't all roun'. Bill an' me'd made up our minds to stan' out for a equal divide o' the dust—like shares to ivery man. Shud there be any dispute 'bout that bein' fair, wi' you on our side, we'll eazy settle it our way, spite o' them Spaniards. If they refuse to agree, an' it come to fightin', then Jack Striker's good for any two on 'em.'

'An' Harry Blew for any other two. No fear but we can fix that. How many do you think will be with us?'

'Most all, I shud say, 'ceptin' the Spaniards themselves. It concerns the rest same's it do us. 'Tall events, we're bound to ha' the majority.'

'When do you propose we shud begin broachin' it to them?'

'Straight away, if you say the word. I'll try

some o' 'em soon's I've went off from here. Thar be several on the watch as 'll be takin' a tot togetther 'fore we turns in. No time better nor now.'

'True. So at them at once, Striker. But mind ye, mate; be cautious how ye talk to them, an' don't commit aither of us too far, till you've larnt their temper. I'll meet ye on the first dog-watch to-morrow. Then you can tell me how the land's likely to lie.'

'All right. I'll see to't in the smooth way. You can trust Jack Striker for that.'

'Take another pull o' the Santa Cruz. If this trip prove prosperous in the way we're plannin' it, nayther you nor me 'll need to go without the best o' good liquor for the rest o' our lives.'

Again Striker clutches at the proffered bottle, and holds it to his head—this time till he has drained it dry. Returned to him empty, Harry Blew tosses it overboard. Then parting from the steersman, he commences moving forward, as with the design to look after other duties. As he steps out from under the shadow of the spanker, the moon gleaming athwart his face, shews on it an expression which neither pencil nor pen could depict. Difficult indeed to interpret it. The most skilled physiognomist would be puzzled to say, whether it is the reproach of conscious guilt, or innocence driven to desperation.

## WONDERS IN CARVED WORK.

NUMEROUS as have been the descriptions of works of art in carving, and subjects of a similar nature, which we find in books of travel or science, it is still difficult to exhaust this subject, and many art treasures still exist that are but little known, and which yet remain to be described. They consist of stone, marble, wood, ivory, and other substances; and it may prove interesting if some of the more remarkable of these objects are brought out of their obscurity, confining ourselves entirely to such as are comparatively little known, or are almost entirely unknown.

Perhaps the most singular, and certainly the most gigantic of the objects that we shall have to describe, is in stone, and has been mentioned by Colonel Welsh in his *Military Reminiscences of the East Indies* (1830). It was found at a military post called Nungydeo, in Mysore, a southern province of Hindustan. After ascending several stairs in the rock, he came upon a large building of stone, above which he discovered a finely formed image, carved out of one solid stone, and about seventy feet high, representing a young man with wreaths of laurel winding from his ankles to his shoulders, every leaf of which was so exquisitely cut as to bear the closest examination. That it was cut out of the solid rock, could not admit of a doubt, for no power on earth could move so massive a column as to place it on the top of a steep and slippery mountain; so steep, that Colonel Welsh stated that he could not see the statue until he had ascended close to it. The legs were cut out in proportion to the rest, but were attached to a large fragment of the rock behind them, and which was concealed by the buildings which formed the back wall. He says that never in his life did he behold so great a curiosity; every feature being most admirably finished; and owing to the nose inclining

to aquiline, and the under lip being very prominent and pouting, the profile is shewn to the greatest advantage. Every part from top to toe is smooth and highly polished. He could scarcely believe that the hand of man could have accomplished such a work, and that too on the summit of a sterile rock. No person on the spot appeared to know, or care, when, or how, or by whom it was made; and though Nungydeo was the usual appellation, the Brahmins called it Gometrauz, or Gomethiz, and at a distance it looked like a stone pillar.

This statue is likewise mentioned by the Rev. H. Caunter, in the *Oriental Annual* for 1836, though he scarcely touches on the beauty of the carving. He states that it is thirty miles north of Seringapatam, the capital of the Mysore, near a village called Savrana Belgula. It is said by the natives to be an image of Gomuta Raya, the chief idol of the Jains, a sect differing in many particulars from the Brahminical and Buddhist forms of worship, which perhaps accounts for the Brahmins knowing but little concerning it. That part of the Mysore was formerly the principal seat of the sect of the Jains, once so prevalent in Hindustan, and this idol is a remarkable memorial of them. Mr Caunter also mentions that it stands seventy feet three inches high, from the summit of a hill of granite upwards of two hundred feet in height. Both statue and pedestal are formed of one stone, and it is supposed that the former originally formed the cone of the mountain, which the sculptor converted into an image, by hewing away the lateral substance of the rocky hill. He only slightly alludes to its being 'elaborately carved,' but mentions, as did Colonel Welsh, the grand appearance of the statue when it suddenly appears, unperceived until close to it, starting up into the sky. It was in perfect preservation in 1836; and many as are the colossal statues in India—though only near Cabul, we believe, are any of a larger size—there are none that can equal that of Gomuta Raya, as they have unfortunately been mutilated and injured to so great a degree as to be incapable of detailed description. This remarkable statue does not appear to be generally known to English residents, as a gentleman who had been twenty-five years in India has told us that he had never heard of it until Mr Caunter's account was written. Nevertheless, its colossal size and exquisite carving entitle it to be regarded as one of the most remarkable objects of the kind extant.

Some curious sculptures are to be seen in China, on some of the singular stone bridges built in that country. The most remarkable of these is a stone bridge in the province of Fo-kien, which is three hundred and sixty perches long, and one and a half broad. It is of white stone, without any arches, and is supported by three hundred pillars, with a parapet on each side. The parapets are adorned with figures of lions at certain distances, and a variety of other curious sculptures. Another stone bridge of the same description exists at Fu-choo, the capital of Fo-kien, the parapets of which are adorned in a similar manner with figures of lions and other animals. This bridge is one hundred and fifty perches long, and consists of one hundred lofty arches.

The most beautiful, and perhaps the most wonderful marble structure which we shall have

to describe, is in India, and is to be seen at Agra, on the banks of the river Jumma. This is the Taj Mahal, erected in 1632 by the Great Mogul, Shah Jehan. It is supposed to be the finest piece of Saracenic architecture in the world, and stands on a river-terrace three thousand feet long. It cost seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, and twenty thousand men were engaged twenty-two years in its erection. Shah Jehan was himself imprisoned in it, and died, and was buried there, 1666. The best account that we have seen of it is contained in the following letter, written by an officer to his friend in England:

'I was the most delighted at Agra. If you have not seen the Taj Mahal there, it is worth while your coming from London to do so. It is of the finest white marble, with three domes and four minarets, finished with all the nicety of the ivory castles in a first-rate set of Chinese chess-men. On the tombs, within the chambers, are inlaid, mosaic fashion, the most beautiful flowers, formed of the most precious gems. In one anemone I counted above one hundred. The flowers and leaves are most exquisitely shaded. There is another noble chamber below this, and quite as beautifully inlaid, in which the bodies are placed in tombs fully as magnificent as those above. The light here is dim; the descent is by a flight of marble stairs. . . . The whole is raised on a platform of white marble, in the centre of a garden with fountains and *jets-d'eau*, sparkling through trees and flowers of all kinds, such as lofty and ancient cypresses, weeping willows, myrtles twenty feet high, geraniums, roses, and trees with blossoms equally lovely and sweet; contrasted with the date, cocoa-nut, and areca trees.'

Turning to curiosities in wood, we will first notice a remarkable bridge almost entirely built of *sandal-wood*, although we cannot ascertain any particulars about the style of its carvings. This bridge is at Paredenia, in Ceylon, and consists of a single arch of two hundred and twenty-five feet span, or half as wide again as those of London Bridge. We are not informed of the date of its erection, but it was certainly built before the present century.

The pastoral-staff presented to the Bishop of Hereford by the clergy and laity of his diocese, is an elaborate piece of carving. The wood employed is a piece of oak which once formed one of the pillars of the episcopal residence, and which, again, is said to have formed a part of a tree that was in vigour long before the Norman Conquest. The staff is profusely embellished with silver and gold enamel-work and with precious stones.

Of carvings in ivory, a very beautiful set has been presented by their Royal Highnesses Prince Leopold and the Princess Beatrice to the Brighton Hospital for Sick Children. The objects are both beautiful and valuable, and have been pronounced by competent judges to be exquisite specimens of native art. They are six in number, and the most prominent of them is an elephant with a state howdah, canopy, and figures exquisitely carved from a single piece of ivory. The work of the drapery and the tracery of the canopy is something marvellous in taste and execution. Another group consists of a kind of state barge, containing

twelve rowers, with paddles, and six figures on the deck. A third group is composed of a number of Indian idols, seated in state, and intended to illustrate heathen mythology. The other groups consist of a state car, and a bullock-wagon with attendants. The whole form a series of valuable and curious works of art.

Chinese ivory balls are well known. They are carved in delicately fine open work, nine balls one within another, each distinct, and every one but the innermost one, which is a mere ivory ball, carved in a delicate open-work pattern like the outer balls. As each sphere is separate, portions of the whole nine can be seen at once. Some years ago, Chinese balls were in such demand, that British artists set to work to discover the mode of manufacturing them; and in a short time they succeeded in producing work equal to that of the Celestials. We have seen a Chinese ivory lantern, about a foot square, also carved out of one piece, and with fanciful pendent ornaments at the four upper corners, and a fanciful top. The four sides, where glass would be, were scraped so thin as to be semi-transparent.

Two curious ivory carvings have lately been sold in London for a mere trifle. The first was an ivory tankard, a fragment only of which remained, shewing some beautiful carvings of figures of saints. The second was an old English watch, carved in ivory, with an enamelled portrait of Queen Anne.

The 'Horn of Lahel,' which belonged to the famous chief Lahel, in Hungary, is a curious relic. It is curiously carved in the style of the ninth century, and is in the possession of Count Raday, a Hungarian nobleman, who wore it at the coronation of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria as king of Hungary, June 1867.

A very fine carving in aqua-marine, or beryl, was shewn at the Paris Exhibition. This was a bust of the late Emperor Napoleon III. standing on an ornate pedestal, wrought in silver and red jasper, enriched with precious stones, and supported by figures in crystal and silver, representing Peace and War.

In miniatures ranked prominently the famous Cherry-stone, which once formed the greatest attraction of the Carpentier Museum, and sold for two thousand pounds at the Hôtel Drouot, in Paris. Upon the surface of this tiny object was carved in bold relief a cavalry charge in the time of ancient Rome. With the aid of the microscope might be distinctly seen, not only the manoeuvres of the combatants, but even the Roman eagles and the S.P.Q.R. were clearly traced. The initials of the workman, 'F. R.', have given rise to more than one controversy as to the origin of the work. The cherry-stone had been highly prized as one of the gems of the Villardi Collection at Milan, but was unfortunately destroyed during the Franco-Prussian War.

A valuable Roman gem was some time ago shewn in the Wroxeter Museum at Shrewsbury. This marvellous gem was a small red carnelian, about three-fourths of an inch in length, and of an oval form. The design, which was deeply engraved on it, represented a goblet, on each side of which stood a bird, while from each of their bills a stream flowed into the cup. This gem had lately been found amongst the ruins of the ancient Uriconium; but was subsequently stolen. A singu-

larly carved hollow bone was found at the same time, which was supposed to be a charm.

The writer once possessed a nut in two halves, in one half of which, fashioned in spun-glass, was an elephant with a howdah, and a man seated in it; the other half, with cotton, closed it in. In a similar nut were two dogs in spun-glass, in the attitude of running, which the second half of the nut shut in.

The following specimens of miniature work were exhibited by an artist at Cologne in 1842. In half a nut: a lady's dressing-case of thirty-six articles, amongst which were a pair of scissors, and a knife with two blades which opened and shut perfectly. In a nut: a cage containing a canary-bird, which opened its beak, fluttered its wings, and perfectly imitated the song of that bird. In the kernel of an almond: a Dutch windmill for sawing wood; at each representation the mill actually sawed a bit of wood. In an egg-shell: an apartment magnificently carpeted, in which a lady opened a piano and played two airs; in the back part was a marble chimney-piece, with a clock upon it of bronze, representing Napoleon on horseback. In a walnut: an elegant coffee-house with all belonging to it. A lady is at the buffet; and two ladies playing a game of billiards. In a mussel-shell: a gastronomie sat before a table, and seemed to eat with great appetite the bits for which he opened his mouth each time. And lastly, in an egg: an automaton, who answered in writing any questions asked him, traced drawings, added up any numbers proposed to him almost as quickly as asked, and presented the total.

All these things were in gold, silver, steel, and brass, and are, like many other 'curiosities,' examples of patient though misplaced ingenuity.

#### FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

'You 'll not do it, and get in, young chap, with hair on your head, I tell you that; and, mark ye, Britisher, 'tis no town-bred greenhorn who says it, but old Joe Burton, that has fought Injuns and hunted buffler on the Plains afore you left your mother's side, I calculate. 'Tain't to be done.'

'But, colonel'— I put in, smiling, yet not quite so much at my ease as I desired to appear; for this tough old frontiers-man, who remembered the foundation of the settlement, was no light authority as to the practicability of such an enterprise as that which I had, perhaps rashly, undertaken.

'A clear throwing away of life, that's all,' gruffly rejoined the veteran, as he stooped to pat the hound that jumped up, whimpering, to receive his master's caress. 'He that rides the line to the head-waters of the Gila now has only to thank his own folly if his scalp dries in some pesky wigwam on the prairie. But there; I'm wasting words. A wilful lad, like a half-broke mustang, ain't easy to hold back. Anyway, Master Harry Lyndham, I wish you well out of the ugly scrape you have got into.'

Colonel Burton was by no means the only friend who strove to dissuade me from my project, but my word was pledged, my mind made up, and it only remained to complete the preparations for my hurried and perilous journey. This was how matters stood with me. I, Harry Lyndham, one of the many young Englishmen whom the hopes

of growing rich had drawn to the Far West of America, was then a resident of Tucson City, and a clerk in the employment of Curtis Brothers. The firm consisted of two old, and somewhat eccentric men—old-bachelor brothers—self-educated, as well as, in the commercial sense of the word, self-made, and whose names were known and respected through all that wild region that comprises Arizona, Montana, and the northern counties of Texas.

Oddly enough, it was because I was an Oxford man that my then employers had given me the preference over a score of candidates, for, in truth, there was nothing that old John and James Curtis so much prized as the learning which they had never had leisure or opportunity to acquire; nor had they had occasion to repent of their choice, since I had served them zealously enough, during the past year, to have gained a high place in their esteem; while I liked them well, since their hearts were as warm as their manners were quaint. Mine were no sedentary duties, and I was more often in the saddle than at a desk; for Messrs Curtis were speculators and general jobbers, dealing in maize, and wine, and hides, in tobacco, quicksilver, gunpowder, and 'notions'; and, above all, in cattle, the great staple of the far southwest.

It was not for hire alone that I toiled as I did, earning in Tucson—where immigrants from the Old Country are seldom held of much account when compared with the bustling, pushing Yankee—the reputation of a model clerk, as clerks are understood in that out-of-the-way nook of earth. My great stimulus was that I was in love with pretty, charming Rosamond Gray, the daughter of old Mr Gray, the banker at Cristobal, a town lying to the eastward of the Mimbres, and famous as a market for the agricultural produce of the vast districts bordering on Mexico. In one sense I was happy, for my love was returned; but in another I had met with what was almost a repulse, since Mr and Mrs Gray, although entertaining no personal objection to me as a son-in-law, were unwilling to bestow their daughter on any but a wealthy suitor.

'Get rich, Mr Lyndham,' the banker had said good-naturedly, 'and I see no reason why Rosamond and you should not be happy according to your own fancy. But neither her mother nor I can sanction an unconditional engagement.'

I was in hopes that I might take Mr Gray's advice, and by growing rich, or at least by acquiring a competence, win Rosamond's hand, the prize that I valued above all earthly considerations; and such is the rapidity with which, in those argentiferous regions, fortunes are sometimes amassed, that I was not without warrant for aspirations which in Europe would perhaps have seemed futile.

And now to explain the present position of the firm, and the reasons for my undertaking a journey fraught, according to the rugged old militia colonel's dictum, with almost certain disaster. Curtis Brothers, who, by a long course of judicious operations, had raised themselves from poverty to affluence, had at that time on hand a speculation of unusual importance. They had made, chiefly in Texas, very large purchases of horned cattle, sheep, and swine, destined to feed the swarming population of the sterile mining dis-

tricts, where provisions, and meat in especial, command high prices. The investment seemed the more likely to be profitable, since the twin plagues of New Mexico, drought and locusts, had occasioned a notable mortality among the cattle of Arizona and the adjoining territories, and great pecuniary returns were anticipated.

All these calculations seemed likely to be upset by the sudden outbreak of that smouldering Indian war which never quite comes to an end in that dangerous region. The Apaches, the irreclaimable foes of all white men, were on the war-path, leagued, as was reported, with sundry other tribes, the Kiowas, the Navajoes, and the dreaded Comanches; and already hideous tales of Indian cruelty and massacre reached us from many a lonely homestead within reach of the spoiler. The troops had been hastily withdrawn; the caravans about to traverse the prairie had halted for lack of an escort; and it was thought rash to venture more than a few miles beyond the cultivated country. Yet the day was at hand when the great herds of oxen and droves of swine, already purchased, would be waiting at Cristobal for the completion of the bargain, and my employers were well aware that unless the cattle could be paid for in hard dollars, a fatal blow would be dealt to the credit of the firm. Messrs Curtis had strained every nerve to collect the ready-money necessary, and the funds were forthcoming, but the entire scheme bade fair to be frustrated by the abrupt closing of the route, consequent on the war. No man, or party of armed men, could have been bribed to attempt the conveyance of the cash across the Plains, now haunted by the savage enemy, when I astonished my employers by volunteering to be the messenger.

'You shall not have to repent it, Harry, my boy!' said the elder of the two brothers, as he wrung my hand in his own horny one; 'you've stood manfully by us at this pinch, and we'd be mean enough for niggers to trample on if we didn't shew gratitude a little more substantially than by a few fair words. We never yet did raise a clerk to be a partner, but—There, there, Lyndham; I did not intend to egg you on by an offer, as if you needed that,' hastily added the honest old fellow, fearing, as he saw the colour rise to my face, that I had taken umbrage at his rough speech. 'Come safe back to us, lad, and all will be right.'

Mr James Curtis spoke words to much the same effect, at the same time bidding me be careful, and indeed it was curious to watch the struggle in my employers' minds between their natural eagerness to escape a financial wreck that almost amounted to ruin, and the kindly apprehension lest I should lose my life in their service.

As for myself, I knew well enough how great was the risk I ran, and for how momentous a stake I was about to play, and had not the goal before my mental vision been the bright prospect of calling Rosamond my wife, even the prospective partnership would hardly have tempted me to set off on an errand so perilous. As it was, I was resolved; and as I got ready for the start, I tried quietly to weigh the chances for and against my safely reaching Cristobal. I had a fair knowledge of the country, which I had traversed on four or five occasions, and was no novice in camping out, or in the familiar incidents of prairie travel. I could ride well, too, and was better mounted than

most of the residents in that district, where horse-flesh is cheap and plentiful, having in my possession a splendid chestnut thoroughbred, originally brought from Kentucky by some United States officer, and which was celebrated for strength and speed. I was fond of Sunbeam, and he of me, for he was docile and intelligent as well as swift, and would follow me for miles as a dog follows his owner, or stand, when I bade him, with the reins hanging loose upon his glossy neck.

There was scanty time for leave-taking. It was deep in the afternoon when I started, a dozen or more of the younger citizens of Tucson riding with me for the first half-hour, and giving me a hearty cheer as we parted. More than one strong right hand trembled a little as it grasped mine in token of adieu, and there was an unwonted moisture glistening in the honest eyes of some of the kind-hearted young fellows as they wished me 'God speed and a safe return.' Well do I remember wheeling my steed on a little elevation in the rolling, flower-enamelled prairie, and waving my hat in answer to the waving of hats and handkerchiefs from the little knot of horsemen, not one of whom, I am sure, ever expected to see me again on this side of the grave. Then I rode on, and lost sight of the friendly band of well-wishers.

The heavy sultry heat seemed to enwrap the land like a mantle. There was not a breath to stir the drooping leaves of the few cotton-wood trees that I passed in the lower levels, and on the uplands the long rank grass was parched brown by the fierce sun, for it was long since rain had fallen. The shrill, sharp chirp of the prairie cricket, and the far-off barking of that curious animal, the prairie dog, alone broke a stillness that was absolutely oppressive. Some three hours after leaving Tucson I reined up beside the blue, bright waters of a creek, and slacking my horse's girths, I allowed him to drink freely, myself replenishing the metal canteen which was slung at my saddle-bow, for in that desert land another opportunity of appeasing thirst might not readily occur. And presently leaving the grassy prairie, we struck into a tract of country still more lonely and desolate, where the only sound was the thud of my horse's hoofs on the scorched and barren earth.

Far away, to the left, there glimmered against the sky something like a shining wall, imperfectly visible, but which I knew to be the serrated crests and mountain peaks of the Mimbres, the natural fastnesses where dwelt the barbarian tribes whose torch and tomahawk had laid waste many a happy home. Nor were mementoes of their hostility lacking, as I traversed the track—deeply seamed by wagon-wheels, and strewed with the bleached bones of mules and oxen—that did duty for a road. Eight or nine times there loomed before me a rude wooden cross, on which was coarsely painted, in letters of black or red, sometimes a name, more often mere initials, followed by the simple inscription, 'Killed by the Apaches.'

The sun went down, the dew glistened on the rank herbage and tufts of the wild sage, and a welcome breeze cooled the heated air, while the broad bright moon, like a silver shield, rose to shed her chastened light over the vast expanse of prairie. Onward I rode, until at length, in a sort of oasis, where water, and grass, and trees, were to be found, I selected my camping-place for the night. With dawn I was again in the

saddle, nor did any incident, during that day's journey or the next, vary the monotony of prairie travel. Water was met with, sparingly, indeed, and of poor quality, but the brackish and turbid draught at any rate sufficed to allay that tormenting thirst, which is the great terror of the solitary wayfarer on those burning plains. Wherever there was water, too, there was pasture for my horse; while, for my own sustenance, I was provided with a tiny store of wild bull beef, cut in strips and dried in the sun, in Mexican fashion, and with a bag of parched maize-cobs. These, with a flask of French brandy, a Spanish poncho, and ammunition for my carbine and revolver, made up all my equipment, save only my canteen with its tin cup, and the leathern saddle-bags wherein were stowed away the gold and greenbacks destined to redeem the credit of Curtis Brothers with their creditors at Cristobal. On the evening of the third day I halted in a well-watered dell near the head of a creek, and at a distance, as I computed, of one hundred and twenty miles from Tucson. Eighty miles more, at most, would carry me to Fort Webster; and once across the Gila, I should be safe, and could make certain of completing my journey to Cristobal. Hitherto, I had met with no living soul, friendly or hostile. More than once, I had fancied that on the verge of the dim horizon I had caught a glimpse of tall spears and feathered heads; and on one occasion I had beheld a distant cloud of dust arise from the bare brown surface of the desert; but this might as easily have been occasioned by the passage of a herd of bison or of wild horses, as of the Apaches or their allies. My spirits rose as I proceeded on my way, and I began to feel confident of success.

On that night, lying wrapped in my poncho, with my saddle for a pillow, and my weapons within reach, I dreamed I was at home again, in Old England, and a boy once more, for I saw my sisters' faces around me, and those of former friends and playmates long dispersed, when suddenly I was aroused by the shrill, eager neighing of my horse, tethered hard by, and, waking with a start, opened my eyes to encounter the fierce eyes glaring upon me from a hideous painted face, bending over mine, and so close as well-nigh to touch it. I felt an Indian's hot breath upon my cheek, as he stooped over me, while of his purpose there could be little doubt, for, as I could see by the dim light of the dying watchfire, he was freshly besmeared with war-paint, and one hand held a glittering knife. As I started up, and grasped the butt of the revolver lying beneath my head, the Indian's other hand clutched me by the wrist, while again my steed neighed shrilly, and as I propped myself on one knee I could see that Sunbeam was plunging and rearing violently, while two dark forms were gliding about the spot where the horse was fastened, apparently intent on unfastening the long lariat by which he was haltered to the ground.

There are confused recollections of which memory is never able afterwards wholly to unravel the tangled thread. I remember a brief, sharp struggle, during which I twice received a slight graze from the knife that the Apache carried, and then my right wrist was freed from the hand that grasped it, and the sharp crack of the pistol, as three shots were successively fired, broke the

stillness. Then, almost immediately, I heard the thud of galloping hoofs upon the crisp turf of the prairie, and saw two mounted men, whose fluttering blankets and plumed heads proclaimed their nationality, ride off into the darkness. At my feet lay my first assailant. His hand, when I lifted it, fell back to earth, and his grim features, bedaubed with streaks of yellow, white, and black, were stiffening fast in death. The two eagle's feathers fastened by a silver brooch to his long black hair denoted that he had been a chief or principal warrior, while the paint and tattooing proved him to belong to the great tribe of the Apaches.

My great source of anxiety now was, lest the two braves who had escaped should have comrades within reach, and I at once decided that to press on was my wisest policy. It was now the dark chill hour that precedes the dawn, but saddling Sunbeam, whom I found fretful and agitated, after his recent interview with the Red robbers, I resumed my journey. Up to this time I had spared my horse, but now, heavy as was the sickly heat, and long as were the hours to be spent in traversing the brown, desolate plain, without grass or water, I urged Sunbeam on, the shining peaks of the Mimbres becoming more and more distinctly visible as we sped upon our way. Poor Sunbeam shewed, for the first time, signs of distress when we halted beside a stream, the brackish waters of which seemed to burn the thirsty lips that craved for them; but we were now, as I computed, within three hours of the river Gila, beyond which was safety.

The sterile, stony desert which spread itself before me when, on the next morning, my jaded steed and I again set forth upon the track, was almost bare of verdure. The long drought, and the heat of the scorching sun, had withered every green blade, while pools and creeks which ought to have been full of sweet pure water, were now mere belts of shingle, or hollows paved with dried clay. I shared the last drops of the precious fluid I carried in my canteen, and the last of the bleached corn, with Sunbeam, and the good horse seemed as though he were grateful for, and understood the kindness, for he rubbed his velvet muzzle caressingly against my hand as I stroked his neck, no longer sleek and smooth as satin, for fatigue and privations had roughened his coat, and dimmed the fire of his eye. Suddenly, as I stood beside him, I looked back, and saw what made, for the moment, my very heart cease to beat, as if an icy touch had frozen the blood in my veins.

Spears, and plumed heads, and wild forms, whose shields and scarlet blankets or buffalo-robcs were distinctly to be seen, were crowded together at the top of a rising ground, coming on over the prairie at the easy, swinging gallop which a mustang can keep up for half a day. As I set my foot in the stirrup, and leaped into my saddle, the Indians, silent till then, set up their fearful war-whoop, and with yells and frantic gestures lashed on their steeds, and took up the pursuit with a fury that sufficiently indicated what would be my fate should I be overtaken. Then began a desperate contest—a race for life or death. Sunbeam answered gallantly to my call, and for the first four or five miles I saw little of the enemy; but on they came pitilessly, and soon seemed to gain

ground. Had it been on the first day of the journey, I could have laughed at my pursuers, but now the superiority of my noble horse, in stride and strength, was neutralised by the comparative freshness of the shaggy steeds on which the Apaches were mounted. I groaned as I felt Sunbeam flag beneath me, though I urged him on with voice and hand.

Miles upon miles of rolling prairie were traversed, my horse keeping the lead, and speeding on with courage unabated, but staggering as he went, and bearing heavily on the bit as we descended the frequent slopes. The Indians saw their advantage, and pressed on, making every effort to come up with me. One arrow slightly wounded my horse in the neck; a second brushed my cheek, making me feel as though a hot iron had been drawn across it. I bear the thin, blue scar to this day. But maddened with excitement I spurred Sunbeam on, shook off the pursuers for a while, and presently saw, gleaming before me, the waters of a swiftly flowing river, which could be no other than the Gila; while beyond it rose the stockaded walls of a lonely building—Fort Webster, doubtless.

'On, Sunbeam, on! One more effort, brave horse—one more, and we are safe!'

I patted my steed's reeking neck as I vociferated the words; and with a faint, friendly neigh, the gallant horse responded to my appeal, and still reeled onward. The river, bordered by tall trees and cane-brakes, was very near; I could hear its rush and ripple, when Sunbeam, dead beat, stumbled, fell on his knees, and sank slowly down. There was an arrow, unknown to me, sticking in his flank, and the noble brute had actually been bleeding to death as he carried his master, with unflinching spirit, over leagues of the weary prairie. For the moment I almost forgot my imminent peril, in grief for the loss of my brave companion; but little time was left for regrets, for already the ground shook beneath the thunder of hurrying horse-hoofs, as, with yells and outcries of barbarous triumph, the Indians came racing up behind.

Thirty yards before me lay the river, but it was too deep and rapid for a man readily to swim or wade, and though I was weary and worn, yet I could not bear to abandon life while a chance remained. My pistol was in my belt, but my carbine was strapped to the saddle of the dead horse, and so were the bags which held the money of Curtis Brothers, and these I snatched up, though I had scanty prospect of saving either property or life, so near were the ruthless foes. They were but six lances' length away from me as I plunged into the brushwood, intending to take shelter among the tall reeds of the bank, in the faint hope that the clamours of the Apaches might bring out the troops from the fort. To my great joy, however, on reaching the river-bank, I beheld, moored to the stem of a mimosa tree, a canoe, containing fishing-tackle, and probably belonging to the garrison; and leaping into it, I seized the paddles, and pushed off into the middle of the stream, just as four or five of the Indians, who had dismounted, came bursting through the bushes, knife and tomahawk in hand.

The river ran swiftly, and I was inexpert in the management of a canoe; but the Indians, fortunately, hesitated to take the river, no doubt on account of the vicinity of the fort, and although they pursued me with fierce shouts and volleys

of arrows, only one of the latter hit me, inflicting a slight wound on my left wrist; while the welcome sound of a cheer and the discharge of a rifle from the further bank told that the Indian war-whoop had attracted the notice of the soldiers, of whose weapons the Apaches stood in wholesome awe. I was soon among friendly faces, although, so exhausted was I with fatigue and emotion, that I fainted before reaching Fort Webster.

My story, thus hastily narrated, is nearly at an end. The kindness of the commanding officer at the fort enabled me to push on, so soon as rest and refreshment had somewhat restored my vigour; and I reached Cristobal without further hinderance or peril, and was in time to save the credit of the firm whose representative I was, and to allay the surly suspicions of the half-wild Mexican and Texan cattle-farmers, who were already beginning to chafe and murmur at the delay. The oxen and other live-stock, some weeks later, were sent, along with a wagon-train that travelled under a strong escort of the United States cavalry, to Tucson; and I should have availed myself of the opportunity to return, had not an attack of fever, brought on by anxiety and over-exertion, prostrated me for a time, although youth and a robust constitution enabled me to shake it off.

I was still very pale and weak, and was sitting listlessly among the magnolia bushes and coffee-shrubs in the garden of the little inn, when I saw Rosamond and Mrs Gray, whose kindness to me during my illness had been unremitting, approaching me with joyful looks.

'Can you bear good news, Harry?' asked the latter, smiling; and indeed the tidings were very good ones. My quaint, worthy old employers had been better than their word, having not merely taken me into partnership, in recompense for what I had done on their behalf, but also appointed me their resident agent at Cristobal, a far healthier and more pleasant place than Tucson, with a share in the profits of the firm that was only too liberal. I have every prospect of present competence and ultimate wealth, while my engagement to Rosamond Gray is very shortly to be brought to a happy conclusion; but in the midst of my new-found prosperity, a saddening recollection will sometimes obtrude itself, as I remember the faithful, dumb friend whose bones are whitening on the banks of the Gila.

#### OSTRICH-FARMING IN AFRICA.

WITHIN the last seven or eight years, an industry has sprung up at the Cape of Good Hope, which, on account of its novelty, and the important results it produces, is worthy of notice. It is that of keeping ostriches in a state of semi-domestication, for the sake of their feathers, which have latterly become more and more scarce, and consequently more valuable. From the Cape, the business of ostrich-farming has been introduced into South America, where, as we shewed in this *Journal* (in 1872), it is carried on with more or less success. But the best feathers are still those produced in the south of Africa.

Like many other important undertakings, ostrich-farming, if not actually the result of an accidental

discovery, at least received a great impetus from an apparently trifling circumstance. A few years ago, one of the native traders in ostrich feathers and eggs, having more eggs than he could conveniently carry, left four or five of them in a cupboard adjoining a bakehouse in some Algerian village: on his return, about two months afterwards, he was surprised to find the broken shells of his ostrich eggs and a corresponding number of young ostrich chicks. The birds were, of course, dead, from want of attention; but the fact was undeniable that the fresh eggs of two months ago had, under the influence of the high temperature, actually produced fully developed chickens. This circumstance came to the knowledge of an officer of the French army, M. Crépu, who immediately perceived the practical results that might ensue from a careful following up of the hint thus strangely given. He set to work to devise 'artificial incubators,' for the purpose of hatching ostrich eggs, while at the same time he procured some pairs of adult birds, with a view to rearing them in a state of semi-domestication.

It is needless here to enter into particulars of the difficulties M. Crépu had to encounter. Suffice it to say that, after many disappointments, he had the satisfaction of finding a live ostrich chick actually hatched in his apparatus; and thus his assiduous efforts were crowned with triumph. About fifty-three or fifty-four days is the full term of incubation, which may be slightly accelerated or retarded by a trifling change in the heat to which the eggs are subjected, although the smallest excess or want of heat beyond a certain limited range is fatal. But to such perfection have artificial incubators now been brought, that the whole 'sitting' of eggs may be hatched with more certainty than if left to the natural care of the parents.

The baby chick when it makes its *début* is about the size of a small common fowl, and begins to pick up food at once. The nature of the food suitable for both the brood and the adults was a principal difficulty in the first attempts at the artificial breeding of the ostrich; but a careful study of the habits of the birds in a wild state has resulted in the discovery of the best kind of diet suited for the welfare of their domesticated brethren. The principal food given to the young birds is lucerne and thistles, and tender herbs and grasses indigenous to the country. Old birds are fed on more matured shrubs and plants, the leaves of which they strip off with their beaks. They are also fed on Indian corn, known at the Cape as 'mealies.'

It will be interesting to note that when the full number of eggs has been laid, the old birds invariably place one or two of them *outside* the nest—the nest consisting naturally of a hollow scooped out of the sand by the action of the legs and wings of the birds. It has been found that these eggs are reserved as food for the chicks, which are often reared, in a natural state, miles away from a blade of grass or other food. As soon as

the chicks emerge from the shell, the parent ostrich breaks one of these eggs, and the yolk is eagerly eaten up by the young ones. They are, therefore, both herbivorous and carnivorous; but it is not necessary to gratify their appetite for flesh, as they thrive excellently on the herbs above mentioned. Of course, where food is supplied in abundance, this precaution on the part of the parent birds of providing meat for their offspring is not necessary, and each egg so left is therefore wasted. Considerable loss also occurs in the number of addled eggs, when they are left to be hatched by the parents. It is said that the ostrich is able to discover when an egg becomes addled, and that it immediately ejects it from the nest; thus shewing an amount of wisdom which has hardly been attributed to a bird which is popularly supposed to thrust its head into a bush, when being hunted, in the vain hope that, as it cannot see, it cannot be seen by, its pursuer.

These observations were first made in Algeria, but it is at the Cape that they have been turned to practical account, and a very perfect system of ostrich-farming has been established there. Different practices prevail at different establishments. The birds are allowed occasionally to sit; but the success which has attended the use of artificial contrivances is so great, that fewer losses occur by this means than under natural circumstances, and the use of incubators is becoming very general. The chicks produced are so healthy as to shew that they do not suffer from this mode of treatment.

The general arrangement of ostrich-farms is very similar in all cases. The *desiderata* are plenty of space, suitable soil—that is, sand and pasture with facilities for growing the proper food—conveniences for shelter, and water. A well-conducted 'farm' would require perhaps L.3000 capital to begin in a small way. The industry at the Cape is barely eight years old, and much has to be learned by a beginner; loss and disappointment are frequently experienced at first; but the occupation is considered a very profitable one, and is certainly healthy and agreeable; yet nowhere are patience, sagacity, and perseverance more necessary than in the conduct of a good ostrich-farm.

A healthy bird of a week old is worth L.10; at three months it will be worth L.15; and at six months, L.30 and more. Feathers may be plucked from the ostrich when a year old, and each year's crop will be worth about L.7 per bird. At five years, the breeder begins to pair his birds, and each pair will yield from eighteen to twenty-four eggs in a season. It is necessary to keep the adult birds in separate paddocks, which are generally surrounded by wire-fencing. The ostrich is liable to sudden fits of jealousy. In such a case, frequent quarrels would ensue if the birds were all together in one inclosure, with the result, if not of black eyes, at least of damaged feathers, and perhaps broken legs, and even death to one of the combatants. The blow from the leg of the ostrich has been computed to be fully equal to the force developed by the kick of a colt seven months old.

But whatever be the exact force produced, it is very severe, sufficiently so to break a man's leg.

The ostrich, however, both male and female, is quite an exemplary parent, notwithstanding the popular rumour that, like the crocodile, it leaves its eggs in the sand, to be hatched simply by the action of solar heat. Father and mother take it in turn to sit on the eggs, and when the ostrich takes his female companions out for their evening promenade in the desert, one of them always remains by the nest. This fact is sufficient to induce many breeders to leave the eggs to be hatched in the natural way, and merely to devote their energies to the rearing of the young birds and the collection of the feathers.

These are operations which require very great care. Regular supplies of food—about two pounds a day to each adult—are necessary; shelter must be provided for the night, and to shield the birds from the violent storms which frequently burst over the southern part of Africa; and there must be supplies of sand or pebbles, which the birds swallow, as aids to digestion. Pepsine is unknown among those birds of the desert, and they introduce a quantity of hard substances into their gizzard, to assist them in grinding up their food; just as the dyspeptic featherless biped takes his morning bitters to help the secretion of the gastric juices. It is very amusing to watch the flock of young birds as the attendant enters to scatter their breakfast. The moment he appears with his load of 'green-meat,' the youngsters of the ostrich family trot up to the entrance, and caper and dance about in the most grotesque manner, and devour their food with evident relish. They are generally tame, and to a certain extent tractable; but as they grow old they sometimes evince a sourness of temper which is anything but encouraging to the formation of a near acquaintance with them.

As the feathers are picked they are sorted according to their quality and purity of colour. The pure whites from the wings are called 'bloods,' the next quality, 'prime whites,' 'firsts,' 'seconds,' and so on. The tail feathers are not so valuable, and the more irregular the markings of the coloured varieties, the less valuable are they. 'Bloods' will fetch from forty to fifty pounds sterling per pound-weight in the wholesale market; and from this price they range as low as five shillings per pound.

The quality of the feathers produced by tame ostriches is fully equal to the best collected from 'wild' birds, while the general average is much higher. Notwithstanding the increasing yield, prices are rising instead of falling; indeed, good ostrich feathers are now thrice as dear as they were fifteen years ago. But it is more than probable that as the production increases the price will eventually fall. Even with reduced prices, the profits would be sufficiently large to render ostrich-farming a very profitable undertaking, and, as each year will increase the experience of breeders, the difficulties will be gradually diminished, and losses more easily avoided. As it is, this strange industry—the domestication of the wild birds of the desert, once regarded as types of liberty and intractability—is at the same time one of the most interesting and most profitable of the African trader.

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